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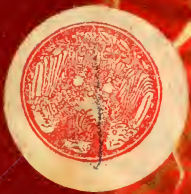

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"WE'RE COMING, BILL, WE'RE COMING"

AND

OTHER WAR POEMS

BY

GEORGE CORBIN PERINE

(AUTHOR OF "THE POETS AND VERSE-WRITERS OF MARYLAND")

DEDICATED TO

OUR BOYS IN KHAKI

AND

OUR BOYS IN BLUE

PRIVATELY PRINTED

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INVOCATION TO THOSE AT HOME.

Dark though the night appears
Through three long weary years
  We're not alone;
Though shadows deepen yet,
Let Christians not forget
  God's on His throne!

Though we send men and guns
Forward to meet the Huns
  Raving out there,
All of this strength and strain
Will be at best in vain
  Backed not by prayer.

Oh, Christians, one and all,
Lest all that's good should fall
  Pray for success!
Pray as you've never prayed,
Pray and be not afraid,
  None can do less.

No matter what we hear
Fear not, be of good cheer,
  All will go right:

While God does live and reign
Prayer ne'er has been in vain,
Let us be bright!

WE'RE COMING, BILL, WE'RE COMING.

We're coming, Bill, we're coming!
Do you know just what that means?
Thirty thousand aeroplanes
And five billions in our jeans!
A merchant fleet
That can't be beat,
Foodstuffs piled up galore,
And when they go
We'll plant and sow
Foodstuffs as many more!

We're coming, Bill, we're coming,
Uncle Sammy will be glad
To meet you crucifier,
For you've made him fighting mad!
Now is the time
He says each crime
With interest you must pay;

Your orgies too
At last are through,
You've reached your reckoning day!

We're coming, Bill, we're coming,
From the deep, the earth, the sky,
A plaintive wail has reached us
From young children as they cry!
Half clad! half fed!
Some lucky dead!
And some too ill to feel!
Some lost! some shot!
God knows what not,
Some crushed beneath your heel!

We're coming, Bill, we're coming,
You've made men forget their lives—
A second call has reached us
From the aged, girls and wives!
Your conscience dead,
Your hands all red
With children's blood, you sell
And sacrifice
To every vice
Your wretched soul to hell!

We're coming, Bill, we're coming,
And we'll wipe away the tears
From children's eyes and women's
Though it takes a thousand years!
And as for you,
When we get through,
As sure as you were born,
You'll find your lands
In other's hands,
Yourself in stripes and shorn!

We're coming, Bill, we're coming!
And there is no use to hide,
For Pershing is our General,
And our God will be our guide!
Bring up your guns!
Charge with your Huns!
Do everything you can;
A hopeless fight,
This might o'er right,
You fight 'gainst God and man

WE'LL GET YOU, COON, WE'LL GET YOU.

Hip, hip, hooray!
We're going away
  On a little hunting trip,
That Kaiser coon
We'll tree real soon,
  He cannot from us slip!

We'll get you, coon, we'll get you!
We'll get you, coon, we'll get you!
We'll get you, coon, we'll get you!
Then we'll all come marching home.

The old, old tree
Is Germany,
  He's running round it now!
When we begin
To all close in
  We'll get him anyhow!
We'll get you, coon, we'll get you! etc.

He's run a-muck
And had the luck
  Three years to have full swing,

Though others fail
To find his trail
That coon home we will bring!
We'll get you, coon, we'll get you! etc.

Put on the pot,
The stove keep hot,
We'll cook him to a shred!
His skin is tough,
That is no bluff,
They say like iron's his head!
We'll get you, coon, we'll get you! etc.

The cooking through,
What we will do
With our unsavory treat,
We'll dump it out
With one great shout
For hogs in the yard to eat!
We'll get you, coon, we'll get you! etc.

HOW WOULD IT BE, BOYS, HOW WOULD IT BE?

How would it be, boys, how would it be
With the Germans, Austrians, Turks, all three,
If looking across that "No Man's Land"
Where nothing can live or nothing stand,
Where belching guns are the only sound
And liquid fire to be seen around,
If the Germans, Austrians, Turks, all three
Had Grant to face and R. E. Lee!
How would it be, boys, how would it be?

How would it be, boys, how would it be
If our dream could be reality?
And Jackson was there upon the right,
With Stuart, that young and gallant knight!
And D. H. Hill and McClellen too,
Who questions that they would not "go through"!
The Germans, Austrians, Turks, all three
One more lone night in security
Might sleep if it suited this galaxy!

How would it be, boys, how would it be,
As the sun was rising o'er vale and tree,

If Lee gave the order short and clear,
(Though a thousand Hindenbergs were near!)
"Up, charge, boys, charge, quick over the top!"
What earthly thing could the boys then stop?
Barbed wire and shot and flame all three
Make some men waver, would Grant and Lee!
How would it be, boys, how would how would it be?

How would it be, boys, how would it be
With the Germans, Austrians, Turks, all three
With their trenches reached, now hand to hand,
If Jackson should quickly give command:
"Give them the bayonet, boys, they'll see
That the Stars and Stripes spell victory!"
Would the Germans, Austrians, Turks, all three
Not say: "We'll SURRENDER to Grant and Lee!"
How would it be, boys, how would it be?

NEVER THIS SIDE OF BERLIN.

Never this side of Berlin, Boys,
  Never this side of Berlin
Will we turn or stop, but over the top
  Till we all are landed in!
And the wretched foe
Now cowering low
  Will throw down his bloody guns—
Then many a mile
To a rocky aisle
  We will ship the dastard Huns!

The sound of cannon will cease, Boys,
  The sound of cannon will cease,
And the half-dead woman and handless
      child
  We will quickly then release;
And the fields again
Will all teem with grain
  And brightly will shine the sun—
But all over hell
Will the tortured yell
  Arise from a burning Hun!

WHAT WE SHOULD DO.

When a spy comes crawling and creeping
To do some low down deed,
Like a sinuous, shining reptile
To bite the hands that feed—
A thing so low
Should have no show
But an ounce of red hot lead!
Any old place,
Don't try the case,
Just see that the reptile's dead!

When men say: "I'm patriotic!"
But let their actions fail
To show they really are with us
They should be sent to jail!
If there's a doubt
I'd kick them out,
This is but a suggestion;
A jail's the place,
For there they're safe,
We have no time to question!

With the Huns o'er-running Europe
With fire and sword and gun,

And liberty in the balance—
We've got to stand as one!
I'd make the air
Here, everywhere,
For them who with us dwell,
So hot if they
Should us betray
They'd think they lived in hell!

IF IT'S LONG TO TIPPERRARY.

If it's long to Tipperrary
And as far to gay "Parie,"
All roads we'll find are shorter now
That lead to Germany!
For Pershing, Pershing
Has gone to act as guide,
And Pershing, Pershing
They cannot keep outside!

Old Joffre spoiled the Kaiser's dinner
On that 25th we know,
And the western front is holding
Notwithstanding every blow!
But Pershing, Pershing
Is going to Berlin,

Yes, Pershing, Pershing
On William will drop in!

Though he doesn't care to visit,
That is as a usual thing,
He has got a sort of longing
To see that old Kaiser-King!
And Pershing, Pershing
Will surely make that call,
Or Pershing, Pershing
Will not come back at all!

THE KAISER'S "KULTUR."

So you've cut the throat of a soldier!
Of a boy of the U. S. A.,
And will iron crosses reward you
Again for this fiendish display!

Is this what the Kaiser calls "Kultur?"
(Hanging should be your reward!)
Do such acts inspire the Kaiser
To say: "Let us onward with God!"

Such acts and such blasphemy ever
Lead but to one end that is sure,

That end is defeat and oblivion
To Germany and her "Kultur!"

RED CROSS NURSES.

If prayers for your safe-keeping,
For happiness and health,
For a reward far greater
Than can be had with wealth,
Would bring you these, who suffer
For us in field and glen,
Our prayers, oh dearest nurses,
Would rise from countless men!

For we know you are waiting,
As oft we lonely stand
While shots are falling round us,
To lend a helping hand;
To bathe the feverish forehead,
To quench the thirst with drink,
To pen last words to Mother
If we stand on life's brink!

Though sorely tried with patience,
Though heart-sore half the while,
Yet ever waiting for us
To greet us with a smile!

Like one clear ray of sunlight
Upon a storm-lashed sea,
That smile to wounded soldiers
Always appears to be!

If you were taken from us
By some great unseen hand,
Our lives would be like nature
Far out in "No Man's Land!"
A desert without water!
A night without a day!
Death without resurrection
When life shall pass away!

PACK UP YOUR THINGS, BOYS.

Pack up your things, boys,
For what do you care,
Duty is calling—
You're wanted out there!

Mothers are waiting
To bid you good-bye,
Sisters and sweethearts
With pride in their eye!

Uncle Sam's with you,
He'll look to each need,
Every heart's wishing
You all a God-speed!

Think of your mission,
Keep that in your view,
Peace for all ages
Depends now on you!

The flag that you carry
Has never been foiled,
Stand by it ever,
Return it unsoiled!

Be kind to all women,
For sacred's the name,
No matter what country's
For they're not to blame!

Pity all children,
Neglect not a one,
They don't even know
What their daddys have done!

But, when God wills it
That you meet the foe,
Be like a bull dog
And never let go!

Fight like a madman
That would his chains break!
Fight on for no less
Your country's at stake,

Fight like a demon,
Fight on night and day,
Fight with the fury
Of lions at bay!

Fight without stopping,
Fight all that you're worth,
Fight till all Germans
Are wiped from the earth!

Then with Old Glory
Still clasped in your hand,
You will return to
Your own native land.

All now will love you
  Who ne'er loved before,
While those who loved you
  Will love you the more.

But this will give you
  The greatest delight;
You did your duty—
  You did what was right!

OUR DAY.

Our Allies have fought well,
Give them a breathing spell,
Let us the powder smell
  It is our right!
For it is our day,
Bring up the U. S. A.,
We'll show the Huns the way
  How we can fight!

Our flag plant on the top,
Do not an instant stop,
Woe to the foes who drop
  One with a shell!

Line up the cannon too,
Show what the tanks can do,
We're going in and through
Germany's hell!

Tell all our birdmen rise
Like clouds before the eyes,
Till black will be the skies
With their wings spread!
Bring up grenades, we'll show
How straight our boys can throw,
Spare not the heartless foe
Till all are dead!

Shoot out our gaseous fumes,
Though everything consumes
From man to all that blooms—
All in our way!
Trust not the foe at all
When he pretends to fall,
Give him another ball
Where he does lay!

Ride straight across him too!
Do all that you can do!
He'd do the same to you,
He calls that war!

Give him all that he wants,
Show him that nothing daunts,
Laugh at his boastful taunts
And then some more!

THE FIRST OF OUR HEROES HAVE FALLEN.

The first of our heroes have fallen,
To help to free Europe they tried,
Protecting the women and children
From worse than a death they have died!

They feared not the wrath of the Kaiser
No matter how ruthless or strong,
With pleasure they sprang in the trenches,
Their lips bore a smile and a song!

Above them they planted Old Glory,
So everyone plainly could see
That emblem which ever has stood for
One thing and that thing Liberty!

The boys they were greatly outnumbered,
But there they were placed and to stay,

And all of the Kaiser's grim army
Alive could not take all away!

The Huns they respect not the courage
Of men who have made a good fight,
Their sense of all morals so blighted
They know not the wrong from the right!

They came like a wave of the ocean,
Preceded by curtains of flame!
Well-seasoned in this kind of warfare,
Delighting in this fiendish game!

The boys in the trenches they waited,
More courage none living could show!
And when that wave broke on the trenches
The boys were still facing the foe!

Two heroes fell mortally wounded,
For Liberty gave up their lives!
A third one the Huns now surrounded
And butchered to death with their knives!

And these are the crimes that the Kaiser
Expects that his Maker will bless!
The Kaiser, in rage, has forgotten
The Lord's promised wrongs to redress!

That fulfillment surely is coming
As Christians believe and all know,
The Kaiser, his land and his people
Will bear the full force of the blow!

The Earth was not made for one person,
A tyrant to sway with his hand,
With all of the people upon it
As slaves to be tilling his land!

Who thinks such a thing is a madman!
He's infinitely worse than a fool—
The Kaiser's entirely forgotten
It's God and not he that does rule!

WOULDN'T IT BE A WONDERFUL THING.

Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing,
A wonderful thing, a wonderful thing,
While all around the guns did pop
To be the first man over the top!
With one great yell, a terrible yell,
Like a million demons loosed from hell!
My, boys! O, boys! wouldn't it be some fun?

My, boys! O, boys! wouldn't you love to face,
Wouldn't you love to face, wouldn't you love to face
The Kaiser's men, their hands all red,
Butchers of women and children in bed!
With a cross for bravery pinned to each,
Rewards for "Kultur" the Kaiser would teach!
My, boys! O, boys! to teach them with a gun!

Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing,
A wonderful thing, a wonderful thing
To capture the Kaiser in a snooze,
In a champagne booze, in a champagne booze!
To tar and feather him "ohne" clothes,
And lead him back with a ring in his nose!
My, boys! O, boys! wouldn't our Allies say:
"Hooray! hooray! for the U. S. A.!
And the khaki boys of the Blue and Gray!"

OVER THE BORDER.

Over the border,
That is the order,
  Into the Kaiser's realm!
The way is not long—
We cannot go wrong—
  Old Sammy's at the helm!

Our faces will beam
As we put on steam
  To leave for over there,
And each mile we go
Will drag by too slow,
  Why can't we go by air?

You know you will hear
From us, Mother dear,
  As soon as we arrive,
And that we're not dead
You will find instead
  We're very much alive!

And the Kaiser too
With his demon crew
  Will know that we're about.

But that is not all,
Though they scream and bawl
They cannot keep us out!

And how they will feel,
And how they will squeal
And feel and squeal again,
When upon the air
Will arise everywhere
The Star-Spangled Banner's strain!

And then they will hear
A terrible cheer
From us the Blue and Gray—
The order at last
Will then have been passed
To clear the Huns away!

Over the border,
That is the order,
Into the Kaiser's realm!
The way is not long—
We cannot go wrong—
Old Sammy's at the helm!

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL TO HER BOY.

In bidding you farewell, dear boy,
I do not hesitate nor cry,
But bid you go with all my heart
To conquer or to die!

If this were but a war for wealth
Or conquest, then my heart would break,
But 'tis for liberty or death,
A world's peace is at stake!

The men who willed to us this land
Were freemen both in limb and brain,
And God forbid while time shall last
Their children wear a chain!

I say therefore again farewell,
Nor do I hesitate nor cry,
But bid you go with all my heart
To conquer or to die!

THE KAISER'S BLUFF.

"Hello there!" said the Kaiser
To Uncle Sam one day,
"I dare you cross the water
And get into the fray!"

When Sammy heard the bluffing
He pushed off from the shore,
And said: "Well, Bill, I'm coming
To show you what is war!"

The Kaiser's knees then trembled,
He thought his bluff would go
Or never would have tried it,
He Sammy didn't know!

But Sammy he meant business
And landed mighty quick,
And said: "Come on I'm ready,
Though fussing I don't pick!"

With that he raps old Rupprecht
Right square upon the eye!
Then Hindenberg he thrashes
Until he makes him cry.

The other German leaders
Said: "We must be discreet!"
Then without hesitating
Took quickly to their feet!

Then Sammy shaved the Kaiser
And gave him a new suit,
The striped coat and the trousers
Made him look awfully cute!

And round his neck was fastened
An iron ball and chain,
So that this dangerous criminal
Could not get loose again!

Then back old Sammy brought him,
That all the world might see
The fate of all world-beaters
Who go upon a spree!

I WONDER?

I wonder what the Huns will say
Some morning at the break of day,
When suddenly to left and right
A thousand flags will rise to sight,
A thousand flags that like the skies
Shine with a myriad starry eyes,
And like the stars in heaven's crown—
No living man can pull them down!

I wonder what the Huns will do
When those proud flags come charging
through
Barbed wire, and shot, right up the hill,
If they'll believe their Kaiser Bill
When in the future he will say:
"A great big bluff's this U. S. A.!"
Then as his men throw down their guns—
"A Blue or Gray is worth two Huns!"

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

Say, what's the matter, Hindenburg?
And you too, Kaiser Bill?
And Ludendorff and Ruprecht too
Have you all got your fill?

It's true the valleys they are packed
With your reclining sons,
And all of them upon their breasts
Bear crosses—wooden ones!

The very streams are running red
With your men's blood, who give
Up living on the earth to go
And with the fishes live!

In hell old Belzebub complains
His rest is even broken,
For now there's not a single word
In hell but German spoken!

BACK, BACK, MR. HUN!

Back, back, back, get back, Mr. Hun!
You can't stop, we've got you on the run!
You'd better stop your revels!
Here come the Blue Devils!
Watch out, watch out, watch out, Mr. Hun!

Back, back, back, get back, Mr. Vulture!
Back to hell, you and all your culture!
You'd better stop your bumming—
The Tommies they are coming—
Beat it, beat it, beat it, Mr. Vulture!

Back, back, back, get back, Mr. Liar!
Back of the Rhine, you've got to retire!
You'd better stop your striving—
For Uncle Sam's arriving—
Good bye, good bye, good bye, Mr. Liar!

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Oh what shall we do with the Kaiser?
Oh where shall we send him to dwell?
For there is no land that will have him.
They don't even want him in hell!

The ocean's filled up with his U-boats,
And Bill has no wings for the air!
It seems neither God nor the devil
Nor man wants the wretch anywhere!

A TOAST TO THE NAVY.

To our boys who know no fears!
Who more than a hundred years
Have been our pride and boast!
To our sailors on the sea,
Our Marines—where'er they be—
I drink this toast!

THREE CHEERS FOR THE MEN IN SHIPYARDS.

Three cheers for the men in shipyards!
The men with the hammer and saw,
The riveters too
And all of the crew,
For every blow
They make we all know
Is a rap at the Kaiser's door!

Three cheers for the men in shipyards!
The men with the brawn and muscle—
Before you count three
They will bridge the sea,
With scarcely a loss
For our boys to cross,
Then watch out, Bill, for a tussel!

Three cheers for the men in shipyards!
For they're every one as true
A patriot quite
As any knight
Who shoulders a gun
To look for a Hun,
Or a barrage of fire goes through!

Three cheers for the men in shipyards!
Who're patiently toiling each day,
  Who holidays give,
  That Liberty live,
  For every one
  The sun shines upon
When they have themselves passed away!

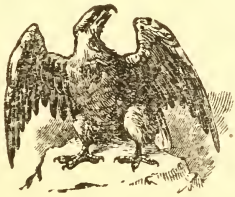
Three cheers for the men in shipyards!
The men who are speeding the fall
  Of the devil's rule,
  (For William's his tool!)
  That might's over right,
  Though not in God's sight!
May the Lord bless you one and all.

GOOD NIGHT.

If we've sent abroad already
  A million men or more,
You see, old Bill, and don't forget,
  We're making good that's sure!
And we're coming, we're coming
With Yankee Doodle humming,
And if we find you bumming
Still in Belgium say—Good night!

Then we're going to send a second
To see the first is well,
And I'll tell to you a secret—
They too can fight like hell!
And we're coming, we're coming
With Yankee Doodle humming,
And if we find you bumming
Still in France then say—Good night!

Then we're going to send another,
Their mission will be fun,
The only thing that they will do
Is "Deutschland" over-run!
And we're coming, we're coming
With Yankee Doodle humming,
And here will end your bumming
To the world you'll say—Good night!



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